

SLUG

ULT LAKE UNDER GROUND
TERNATIVE GUIDE AND REVIEW

FREE
NOVEMBER
1991 #35

In This Issue...

RECORD REVIEWS

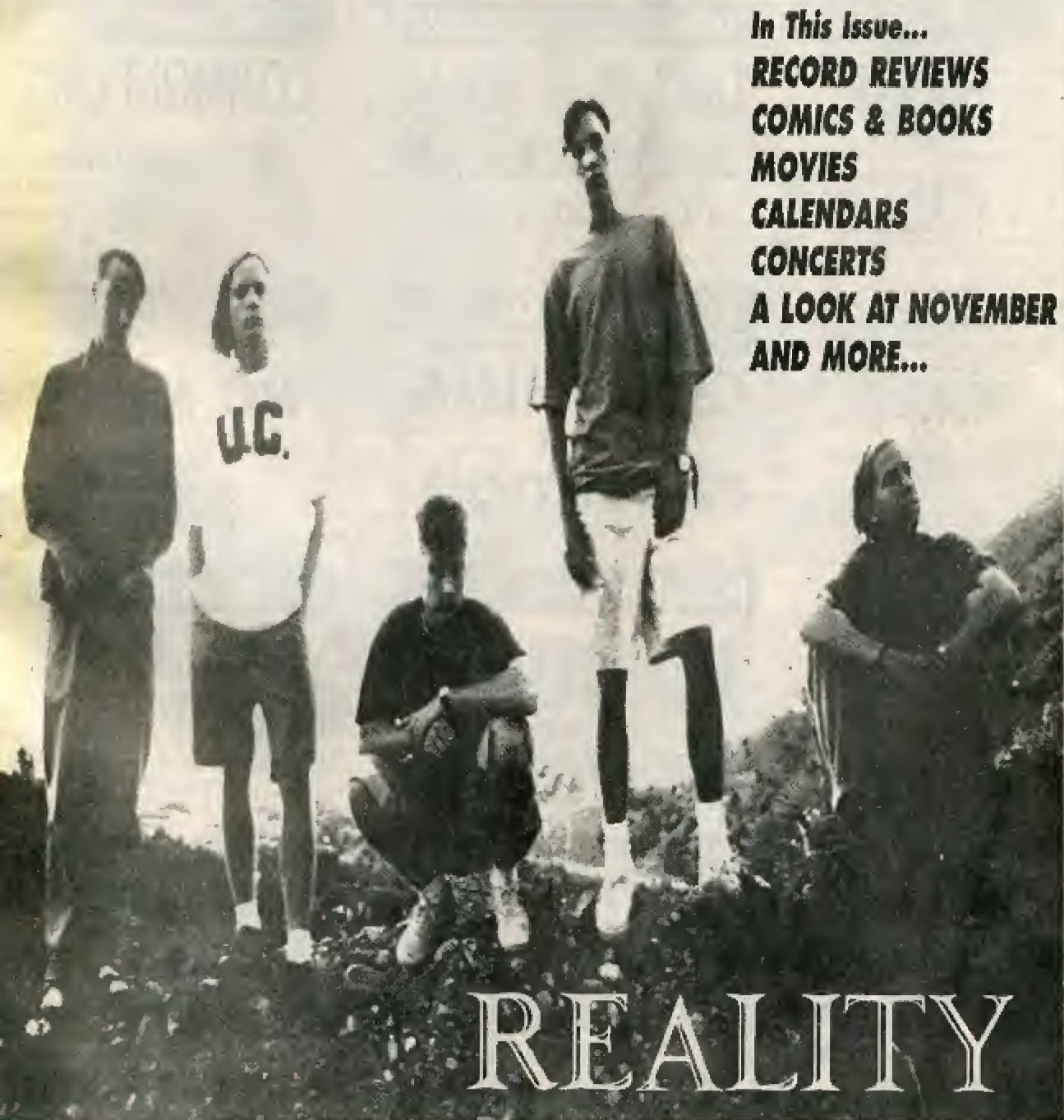
COMICS & BOOKS

MOVIES

CALENDARS

CONCERTS

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AND MORE...**



REALITY

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AND
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SLUG

NOVEMBER 1991

ISSUE #35

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SLUG is a free publication to the public. All writing within is contributed by writers like yourself who take advantage of the fact that we rely on your opinions. All submissions must be received by the 25th of the month. SLUG is printed monthly and is available by the 5th. Please feel free to submit your opinions, letters, reviews, etc. to:

DICKHEADS @ SLUG

P.O. BOX 1061

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84110-1061

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ADVERTISING
INFORMATION

467-4742

Dear Dickheads...

Dear Dickheads,

I've noticed lately, a conspiracy of people writing "I Grew Pot" as a caption next to Washington's picture, on one dollar bills. Are we to believe that our founding father knew the value of marijuana and actually grew it? I think that no one should write "I Grew Pot" on one dollar bills, as a caption for our first president. It defaces federal property.

-Some Old Fart

DEAR DICKHEADS,

To The Bluster Of Hate Crew, so maybe the scene does need some help, but you sure as hell aren't doing any good with your bitching and moaning.

Second, at least those baggy clothed, gorilla faced, straight edgers with their so called tough guy macho stud wannabe attitudes are showing up and doing what they can to support what is left of the scene. What can you say for yourself, seeing as dicks like you are the reason it's so bad? You'd rather sit at home, listen to records and think about how cool it used to be when leather jackets and stupid haircuts were what it took to be "in".

The popular crowd bullshit hasn't changed, it's just a matter of who's pulling it on who.

And by the way, hardcore is not dead, it still lives in a few of us and probably always will, so if you don't like it just stay away, we don't need a bunch of crybaby, idiots around anyway.

And, since you think negativity and hate are so cool, you can take this as a compliment -your letter is a bunch of shit and you can take your elitist attitude and shove it up your ass, cuz punk is dead, hippies suck and I just can't hate enough!

SLUDGE

Dear Dickheads,

Gimme Some HEAD. Last month, Adam Weishaupt's article on the Illegitimate mentioned the HEAD Revolution, and that we should all SMI(2)LE, and get RICH. He obviously assumed that everyone knows just what those acronyms stand for.

I wanted to, for the record, give

their meanings.

Dig: HEAD means Hedonic Engineering And Development. Stated simply, use your brain for fun and profit. Contact higher intelligence that exists within us all. Have fun and get smarter, so that you can have more fun and get smarter, etc., etc., etc.

SMI(2)LE means Space Migration, Intelligence Increase, Life Extension. This is Timothy Leary's formula, and is rather self-explanatory.

RICH means Rising Income through Cybernetic Homeostasis. This is to have all of the mindless, repetitive jobs, that consume so much of our time, performed cybernetically (automated and computer controlled- this is feasible, with current technologies.) This would free us from the wage slavery that we are subject to so that we could use our HEAD and pursue interests that we want to pursue. One hundred percent free time for enjoyment and creativity.

The more we use our HEAD, the more we'll SMI(2)LE, the RICHER we'll become.

Keep in mind the words of Nietzsche: There are no facts, only perspectives.

Dutifully,
E.M. Zsebenyi

Dickheads,

Is that all you are? Dickheads? Don't you own any balls? Have you ever seen BAD INFLUENCE? Have you ever been to Seattle? If you are truly concerned about losing the "underground" scene in SLC then you must do something about it!! Sure writing to the commissioners, the Mayor, and the city council and correcting their views is a good start-and voting the thick-headed ones out of office is a more sure-fire method of getting what you want, but what will you do while you are waiting for the political cogs to mesh? Don't wait! Get your pals together, get your bands together, and even SLUG can cooperate. Make your "underground" live up to its name. Find any place with room enough to stage some musicians and let a bunch of freaks bounce, pounce, and throunce before them. Then throw

a concert date and concert location into your SLUGzine and you've got the recipe for a mobile Freak Scene. etc. etc.

burrow your way to Freedom,
Chester

Dear Racist Dickheads,

After reading your letter in the October issue of SLUG, it got me thinking on how wrong you are and how clouded your minds are. I think your beliefs are a fucking disgrace to the United States. You say you're for the U.S. and you say you believe in your country. Bullshit. The Constitution of our United States says that: ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL! That's why all the wars were fought, for the freedom of men. And Blacks, Hispanics and Asians fought for this country too. If anyone should be persecuted it's fuck ups like you. Let me remind you of the infamous words of the great band JUDGE, "no more whites, no more blacks, no more barriers."

Love, One S.H.A.R.P. Skin

Dear Dickheads,

Well, aren't the Neo-Nazis a bunch of fancy pants. I am sorry to say that your ridiculous rationale even out does your asinine social and political views. The reason why the black and hispanic man got the job is because they got off their asses, finished high school and then simply applied for the jobs.

But I guess it is far better for you to sit around the house waxing philosophically, complaining about your sorry, lazy lives. U.W.W. C. should stand for Unemployed-White-Winging-Canker. If you feel this country is such a great place how can you justify the violence you exploit to try to save it? Your claims for a peaceful America are bullshit. Hypocrites, all of you.

You call people who don't agree with you "White-Traitors" well I don't agree with that, but I can see why they could be slightly embarrassed being put in the same possible class as yourselves.

All My Love
A Happy American

P.S. By the way, The South Lost, but you were cool at NOFX.

Records & Tapes...



NIRVANA

Nevermind

David Geffen Company

All the promise of *Blush* is fulfilled on the new Nirvana album. The single, *Smells Like Teen Spirit*, is only the beginning as the record takes off with lightning speed and rarely slows down to let the listener catch a breath. Can you keep up with Nirvana? They put you to the test on this one.

All the elements that made the first album so great are here again: raunchy guitar licks, steady bass and drum throbs accompanied by vocals that range from soft and melancholic to screaming bursts of energy. Nirvana stretches one's sense of "rock" music to its limits, adding unconventional lyrics and guitar sounds to a conventional genre. This album isn't contrived by any means. From the first song to the final fade-out, this album takes on a life of its own, with the band in tow.

Nevermind also shows a more vulnerable side of Nirvana, with the balladesque feel of *Polly* and *Something In The Way*, complete with a cello line in the background that adds a new dimension to Nirvana's music. Don't be alarmed though. These aren't typical "rock" ballads like Motley Crue and Guns 'N' Roses spew out on noble young females with an excess of hormones. There's sincerity and hopelessness wrapped up in these songs, and a reason for them being on the record; not just to fill space, but to express another aspect of Nirvana.

If you missed Nirvana live this past summer in Salt Lake, you may not have a feel for the energy level this band

creates live; so much so that a CD or cassette can barely hold it. If *Nevermind* is your first encounter with Nirvana, then check out the grungier, garage sounds of *Blush* to find out where these Crack Smokin', Fudge Paekin', Satan Woshippin' Mother Fuckers came from.

M.

PIXIES

Trompe Le Monde

4AD/Elektra

If they haven't yet, the Pixies are bound to conquer *le monde* with their new album. *Trompe Le Monde* is their strongest record since the duo of *Surfer Rosa*/Come On Pilgrim, with a perfect blend of grungy guitars and vocals worked into the slick studio production that detracted from *Doolittle* and *Bossanova*. The energy and frenzy of the Pixies live performance is captured on this disc.

Trompe Le Monde finds the Pixies branching out, blending the influences of Heavy Metal, Hardcore and Alternative Rock with trademark Pixies sounds. This diversity broadens the band's musical appeal, while they make out and out gut-wrenching rock 'n' roll. Black Francis seems even more psychotic as he sings through effects as well as his straight singing.

The strange and wierd world of the Pixies is still very much with us as Francis sings lines like "Jeffrey with one f

Jeffery" or in the mock send-up of rock underground culture, *Subbacultcha*, "I was looking *hardcore* [she was looking like an erotic culture] I was all dressed in black/ she was all dressed up in black." Somehow the lyrics fit the feel of the songs, especially when delivered in Francis' half singing/half screaming vocals, as if he needs to shout to get his point across. Needless to say, when Black Francis wants to make a point, one is inclined to sit up and listen.

One of the highlights of the new record is a ripping version of The Jesus and Mary Chain's *Head On*. It fits within the context of the album and sounds as though the Pixies wrote it themselves. Their version puts the excitement back into the song that seems to be dying within The Chain.

Sadly missing from *Trompe Le Monde* is Kim Deal's presence. She's so far in the background that she's hardly noticeable. Maybe this is due to the strength of her side project The Breeders.

This record is bound to fool the world into loving the Pixies and embracing them for the musical leaders they are.

Liberte! Egalite! Fraternite! Les Pixies!

Matt.

CRANES

Wings of Joy

BMG

After releasing three independent singles on their own label, England's Cranes have landed a deal with America's BMG, who will soon be releasing the band's first full-length album, *Wings of Joy*. Hearing their first single was enough to make me a loyal devotee to the group, but this album surpasses all my expectations of the band.

Lead singer Alison Shaw has a distinct vocal style that is childlike and frail, but gains strength from its apparent naivete. At times she seems to drone songs rather than sing, and then she turns around and does sing-song, nursery rhyme type vocals. One thing is certain though: you will never mistake her voice for anyone else's. She is the new and unique voice for the nineties and she leads Cranes through a mish-mash of music.

A lot of the songs are quiet and melodious, with Shaw's vocals over repetitive, but captivating piano riffs. The rest of the album has a wall of feedback and other guitar noises behind her vocals, like some terrible monster awakened from a nightmare and pursuing Shaw through the songs. It is the soft, fragile nature of Cranes that sets them apart from other guitar noise bands that are emerging on the music market. You feel as if at any moment the music might break down and disappear into nothingness.

So keep an eye out for the official release of this record this month. It is one that will haunt you long after it is over and sitting on the shelf next to your stereo.

J. Veil



SWERVEDRIVER

Raise

Creation/A & M

SLOWDIVE

Just for a day

Creation

Britain's Creation label has been up and coming for the past couple of years. With the release of these two full-length albums by Swervedriver and Slowdive, Creation makes it to the forefront of creativity and innovation.

Both albums have a similar feeling of moodiness, but this is expressed in different ways by the bands.

Swervedriver has heavy guitars and steady beats that carry their melancholy. Songs start out with hard driving riffs and then add even harder sounds on top. Vocals are another instrument, slow and steady through the noise. "You close my eyes without blinking/ You read my thoughts without thinking/ You sit and smile when I'm sinking/ Could be the cause of my drinking." And so it goes with Swervedriver. Included on the album are the singles *Sandblasted* and *Son Of Mustang Ford*, as well as the new hit *Raze Down*.

Slowdive takes the slow and steady path through despair and longing. The album starts off with *Spanish Air*, written in six/eight. Guitars have an electronic edge, adding orchestration and depth to the music. Vocals are hushed, whispered over the guitar blasts. This is carried through pretty much the whole record. The listener is drowning in a sea of Slowdive; tossed and turned by every whim of the band.

Just for a day flows like no other LP of late, quietly carrying you from beginning to end on sometimes turbulent, sometimes peaceful waves of sound and light.

M.



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...But Is It Cool?

"What's Wrong With KJQ, Anyway?"

Brothers and sisters, despair at the state of our popular culture — especially the mass media, and FM radio in particular.

There is perhaps no worse offender than the valley's "alternative rock" station, KJQ. While its officials would have you believe differently, most of KJQ's playlist could quite nicely fit in any modern-day discotheque. As for the remainder of its playlist, let's face it — the only Golden Palominos songs you're likely to here on KJQ are the ones Michael Stipe sings on, and the only times you'll ever hear the Warlock Pinchers are either in the wee hours or on the stations abominable "Loud show."

Though it would be easy to say that the station doesn't play good, new, underground music because its program directors don't like good music (how shall we say, the sounds of boring old shitty pop, from KJQ?), that's not true—completely, anyway.

Much like our elected officials take bribes to make decisions that affect our lives and limbs, radio stations get kickbacks to play their shit into the

ground. Face it, Alternative Tentacles and Cruz Records just don't have money to spare. (One sniping swipe at KJQ, though, nice ignominious dismissal of Bob Bedore, guys!) This problem is true of all radio stations, especially the ones who claim they're playing what's "popular" with their fans (If popularity meant anything, then George Bush could be the greatest president ever).

And lest you think community sponsored radio is the key, it's not—52 different formats are just too many (plus...just...so...damned...boring). Instead, read a book, rent a video, get off your asses, etc.

Go get a great stereo and jam for Christ sake. And if you don't know what's good, ask your nearby alternative rock record store clerk for suggestions. Don't let mainstream radio take your taste away!

— the Rev. Chris Robin

P.S. This month's tirade was prompted by the failure of my car's tape player. Contributions would be greatly appreciated.

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Concept Review...

MARK C. JACKMAN

"Hearing the Empty World"

October 10th at the Salt Lake Hardware Bldg.

I saw or maybe I just thought I saw this performance art milieu or melee just the other night at this old haunted hardware building. After receiving an elevating welcome, we spent the multi-media evening trying to distinguish between the real and the imagined. There were a few clues.

Refugees from a David Lynch dream did unexpected things while accompanied by the noise disguised as music or maybe music disguised as noise. It was hard to tell.

Censored grown men grappled on the ground, a dwarf was shut in a box, and twins pretended to the solid gold lip sync crown. It was all enough to make you think a thought or



Mark C. - Photo Earl Madsen

two.

This program was sponsored by the Utah Film & Video Center—bless their little ole hearts.

—LFE

Concert Review...

NOFX, TREEPEOPLE

ORGANIZED CONFUSION, MISKREANT

October 18, 1991- The Pompadour



MISKREANT started things off for this gig. These guys from Ogden did a pretty good job, blending some old-school hardcore with strong and entertaining vocals. The crowd didn't seem too disappointed either, at least people were moving around most of the time. A good show for these guys.

Moving on, we heard ORGANIZED CONFUSION. This was thrash at its best, really noisy guitars and cool snarling vocals. What I really dug about these guys was their multiple lead vocals. No single vocalist dominated their set, everybody (except the drummer) took turns at the microphone. I found this to be a great twist. Though the band could have been a bit together, they really played a good set.



TREEPEOPLE, from Seattle, graced the stage next. Very melodic and heavy with dry vocals. Everything meshed very well; they were together, tight, and had smooth chord progressions. Not really my thing, but, everyone seemed to be having a good time (and that is all you really wanted to know, right?).

And finally, NOFX was on. These guys are great...heavy, energetic hardcore that'll draw anyone in. They were very impressive. Solid drumming and steady vocals.

We were certainly lucky to get to see these guys this time around. Drummer, Pepe, stood out as the best part of the band's set. NOFX gave us a nice blend of old stuff and new stuff, the band really kept things moving. They played a long set which gave everyone the feeling they got their money's worth by the end of the night.

I might mention that this was one of the first sold-out shows at The Pompadour in quite some time (much to my amazement) and the energy level was high all night. This is what I like to see at a live show. Everybody had a great time and that is what is most important.

*Photos & Story
—MisHell*

J.R. BESS

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**Just Because We Don't
Have It, Doesn't Mean
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REALITY



"A lot of people assume that because we have short hair, we're a straight edge band. We aren't though. Everyone in the band is straight, but it's because we want to be, not because we want to shove it in anyone's face."

Despite their protestations to the contrary, REALITY is followed by hordes of fresh-faced innocents in oversized t-shirts, shorts and baseball caps. However, their music is possibly more properly classified as something else, something heavier. Fast, hard edged, and aggressive, with brutally honest lyrics, some have even called REALITY 'Heavy Metal.'

"Our songs are just about life. The lyrics are about things that happen in your

life, that everyone can relate to. The majority of the lyrics are negative, but life is very negative if you look be-

yond the surface of things. That explains the name REALITY."

Together for about a year, REALITY has been performing at Salt Lake venues only since last January. Despite their

guitar, Spencer Jacobs on guitar, and Trent Falcone on vocals, REALITY has two tapes out and a 7" due out soon on Flatline Records.

The first tape, self-titled, has five tracks.

Stench, Brainstorm, and Search, REALITY has to be extra prodigious to keep up with Flatline's prominent reputation. This new 7" promises to astound even their most loyal fans when it is released.

Best of all, the band members appear to be truly nice people. Young, straight-forward and honest, REALITY has a basic philosophy which is surprisingly mature. "The truth is, life is not always a cup of tea. If you're straight or not, everyone has problems and feels pain, feels happiness and emotions. That's what the band is about. Reality is both positive and negative, but never just one."

Whatever their philosophy, REALITY is definitely an up 'n coming phenomenon on the Salt Lake scene. If you haven't caught them yet, you owe yourself the favor. Don't be put off by the 'straight edge' thing. REALITY is accessible to everyone who likes straight ahead, hard-driving rock. Catch 'em when you can.

*Hinda Zeld
Natalie Kaminsk
photos by
Annette Prickett*



relative inexperience, the band's improvement over this short period of time has been noticeable, to say the least. Consisting of Justin Spencer on drums, Brad Butterfield on bass, Chris Carlton on

Although production is somewhat lacking, REALITY'S musical energy and enthusiasm is already evident. The second tape, also self-titled, has three tracks and much improved production. The music is brutal and tight, and the sound is clean, clear and hard-hitting. The 7" debut vinyl, produced by Salt Lake's own Flatline Records, will contain all new, previously unrecorded material. Given the eminence of such label-mates as the

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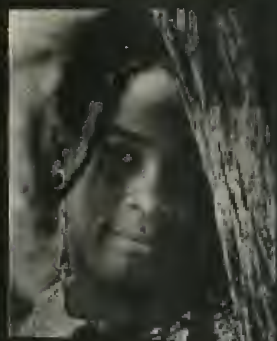
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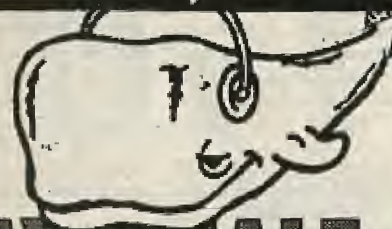
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FILM & VIDEO...

THE FISHER KING

After two straight films (BRASIL and THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHHAUSEN) that left critics cheering but kept movie audiences at home, brilliant director Terry Gilliam has created a vision guaranteed to deliver box office success and great reviews, THE FISHER KING.

Built around the myth of "The Fisher King," Richard LaGravenese's script begins with Jack Lucas (Jeff Bridges), an obnoxious shock dj comparable to Eric Bogosian in TALK RADIO. Jack has everything going for him—a huge and lavish condo, a beautiful companion, and a starring role in an upcoming "guaranteed hit" TV sitcom. Just as suddenly, Jack's life is shattered after a caller on Jack's show shotguns a number of people in a trendy Manhattan night club after Jack's "sage advice."

Three years later, we find Lucas living with Anne (Mercedes Ruehl); owner of a run-down video store. Drunk and wallowing in self-pity, Jack uses Anne shamelessly, until, reaching rock-bottom, he decides to end it all by plunging into the East River with blocks tied to his feet. But fate has other plans for him as two assholes beat him up instead and try to set him on fire.

To the rescue comes Parry (Robin Williams)—a schizophrenic obsessed with obtaining the Holy Grail and winning the hand of the awkward Lydia (Amanda Plummer).

After a night with Parry and other homeless people, Jack discovers the uncomfortable truth about Parry; he was once a professor in things medieval and especially the Grail myth, but a tragedy (directly or indirectly caused by Jack) resulted in his downfall.

Suddenly, Jack has a purpose in life; maybe if he can help redeem Parry's life, perhaps Jack's luck will change. What ensues is at times a gentle romance, a tragedy, an urban myth, and more.

LaGravenese's script mixes allegory and parable to deliver a punch more powerful than any number of "teary-eyed" films. Besides the main story, a more humane picture of the homeless is presented: a welcome change.

But the central focus, on Jack trying to help Parry, is touching and evocative. Mirroring the tale of "the Fisher King," Jack (the fool) attempts to obtain "the Grail" for Parry (the wounded King). But in

so doing, Jack too, is healed of his sickness. In his quest, he begins to lose the selfish shell that is responsible for his undoing.

The performances are strictly first-rate and deserving of nominations for all. Robin Williams, as always, turns in an alternately manic and tragic performance as Parry, counter-pointed by Jeff Bridges' Jack, doomed by his own ego. Likewise, supporting players Ruehl and Plummer are outstanding.

The lion's share of praise belongs to director Gilliam, however. While the story is more conventional than any other project he's done, Gilliam is restrained when needed and wildly innovative when called for. The camera angles, the set, the lighting, and the entire vision are strictly brilliant. Two standout scenes feature Parry pursuing Lydia through Grand Central Station as the subway crowd waltzes and the Red Knight chasing Parry through the darkened streets of New York. In fact, the Red Knight is so incredibly visualized that it should become a classic vision of film. In addition, minor touches like movie posters of Gilliam's films in Anne's store complete the package.

Much more could be said about this stunning movie, but the reader should be encouraged to see the film instead. In a sadly lacking film season, it's rare to find a movie which combines all the necessities of good movie-making. Now that one has been found, the creative forces behind it deserve to reap some kind of reward.

—Scott Vice

BARTON FINK directed by Joel Coen

The last laugh is on those critics who charged that the last Coen brothers release, "Miller's Crossing," was too intelligent for American audiences.

The current Coen collaboration, BARTON FINK, has earned all kinds of praise and was the biggest smash in the history of the Cannes Film Festival. Surprisingly, you could interpret BARTON FINK's message as being the biggest affront to critics ever.

While BARTON FINK is certainly open to interpretation, there is a minimal plot to follow: Fink himself (the always-supurb John Turturro) is a pretentious playwright

who sees himself as the voice of "the common man"—his plays received all kinds of acclaim from critics as the film opens. His world turns topsy-turvy after Hollywood beckons and he reluctantly comes.

Landing himself in a run-down hotel that appears to be straight out of "The Shining," Fink can find no peace in which to write his first assignment—a Wallace Berry wrestling picture—because of mysterious sobbing/cackling emanating from the room of a traveling insurance salesman (the ever-spectacular John Goodman).

For advice, Fink seeks the influence of novelist-turned-screenwriter John Mahoney (playing an obvious parody of William Faulkner), only to find much of "his" work emanated from his "secretary" (Judy Davis). Also to his consternation, the movie studio's executive (the wild Michael Lerner) shows all the confidence in the world in his writing ability, but perpetually "suggests" what conventions to use (such as pairing Berry with either a love interest or an orphan).

Eventually, Fink becomes caught up in Goodman's life, including involvement in a possible murder. In fact, two plain clothes detectives arrive to inform Fink that Goodman's character is actually "Mad Man Muntz," a mass murderer (say that 3 times fast!). From there, the spectator may find "Barton Fink" either delightful or frustrating. It's certainly got its share of black humor, as well as some nearly-chilling horror. Surprisingly, it could go much farther over audiences' heads than "Miller's Crossing."

However, if you're interested, here's how I saw it: As part sell-out fable (showing how Fink's integrity slowly crumbles under commercial pressure) as well as a pot-shot at pretensions—not too surprisingly, Fink's whole future is murdered by Goodman, representing "the common man" to whom Fink never listens to. BARTON FINK closes with one mystery unresolved (as to what is in the box Goodman gives Turturro) and another revealed (Fink sees the picture of the beautiful woman on a beach that rests on his wall, but in real life). The message: Don't let anyone's ideas compact your reality into a frame. Dare to be a free thinker and let no one dictate your reality. What an eye-opening masterpiece.

the Rev. Chris Robin

KILLER B'S

Sex And Violence: The Works of Stuart Gordon

Perhaps no other American filmmaker is as frustrating as Stuart Gordon. While his early films may have given schlock master Sam Raimi a run for his money, his films have gotten progressively more tame and less shocking as time rolls on.

Though he started off his career while in his 30's, Gordon came on to the scene like a pimple-faced teenager—eager to offend and yet aim for belly laughs as well. Here's a rundown of Gordon's quick rise to his sudden plummet:

RE-ANIMATOR (1985)

This adaption of H.P. Lovecraft's Herbert West, Reanimator teamed Gordon with producer Brian Yuzna, and established Gordon as a terrifically funny and gory director. Utilizing the magnificent Jeffrey Combs as his anti-hero, Gordon lets it all hang out—including blood, limbs and breasts. It's a modern-day masterpiece of the B-horror genre. But be forewarned, the headless cunnilingus scene is not for the squeamish.

FROM BEYOND (1988)

Gordon and Yuzna again teamed for another Lovecraft adaption, this time involving the existence of an unseen dimension. Gordon this time uses Combs as a real hero, with "ReAnimator's" unfortunate Barbara Crompton as his possible love interest. Again, blood spurts at regular intervals, and some of the eye-chomping antics are a real scream. Another classic, though.

DOLLS (1987)

Gordon and Yuzna's last collaboration is a really disappointing fable. This time, Gordon spins a tale involving a dollmaker and his life-like constructs. Unfortunately, there's none of the sex, violence or black humor that marked the other films. It's not hard to figure out what's wrong, when Gordon actually moves his camera away from a profusion of blood. From here, Yuzna regained favor by making the sheerly repulsive and magnificent "Bride of Reanimator."

THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM (1981)

Gordon teamed with the Roger Corman wannabe Charles Band for this adaption of the Edgar Allan Poe tale. Lance Henriksen (Alien) stars as the infamous Torquemada, but by the time we see any titillation (in the form of nudity and/or blood) this score-fest is more than half through. Unfortunately Gordon has continued to work with Band since then.

ROBOT JOX (1981)

This long-delayed science-fiction film teamed Gordon with screenwriter Joe Haldeman, one of science fiction's brightest authors. You figure why the film, a cross between the "Rocky" pictures and those zany Japanese large robot pics, wasn't any good. Gary Graham from TV's "Alien Nation" stars in this mess, which is virtually humorless. You know, if I didn't know any better I'd swear Yuzna was the brains behind the Gordon-Yuzna team—

the Rev. Chris Robin

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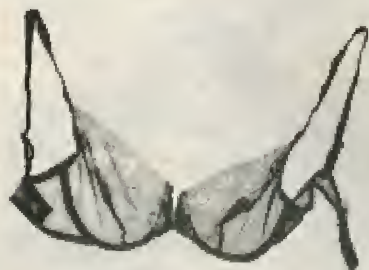
RE
SEARCH

PRANKS!

ReSearch Publications

Prank <obs. pranko play tricks>: trick; a malicious act; a mildly mischievous act; practical joke; a ludicrous act.

As a person "ma- seems to get lost and is tures" the idea of pranks perceived as childish,



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meaningless, unworthy of an "adult." But there are those who use the medium of pranks to make social and political commentary well into "adulthood" and see the value that pranks can play in society. Pranks become a method for indirectly affecting people, causing them to think through their values and moral codes and redefine them. This book is not about whoopy cushions and cans of snakes, but organized activities which poke fun at culture and social mores and taboos. Pranks become a way of awakening society from its slumber of complacency and apathy, hopefully and ultimately making "reality" a more livable state.

The pranks of many famous and infamous persons are documented herein by ReSearch publishers Andrea Juno and V. Vale.

Among the list of celebrity pranksters are: Jello Biafra, Boyd Rice, Abby Hoffman, Timothy Leary, Henry Rollins and John Waters. Many of these prank anecdotes are vicarious experiences of the teller while most are carefully planned strategies by the people interviewed. Some are even opportunities taken when presented so as not to waste a great event and the possibility of a "teaching" experience.

Throughout *Pranks!* we are informed of the fallability and gullability of the media, community leaders and our fellow humans. Prank "artist" Joey Skaggs relates countless stories of his ability to fool the press into believing the most ridiculous things such as Fish Condos, bordellos for dogs, and superstrains of roaches whose chromosomes cure "arthritis, acne, anemia, menstrual cramps and

RE PRANKS! SEARCH



MAKES ONE INVULNERABLE TO NUCLEAR RADIATION."

Many of these pranksters participate in public performance pieces involving food products, sheep heads, pigeons or any variety of props to get across their point.

There is a certain shock value used in their process of "awakening" but the actual physical harm is only threatened or not at all a factor.

And each perpetrator recognizes and distinguishes between "bad" pranks, where people are hurt physically or mentally, and "good" pranks, where one's level of consciousness is raised. Those who indulge in these pranks have a set idea or message that they are trying to get across and usually think through these pranks so that they reach that conclusion.

When people put so much faith in institutions, beliefs and symbols that have no meaning or are unworthy of that faith, it is time for the pranksters to go to work, realigning what is truly real and eradicating false notions of reality. Pranks provide this opportunity, with the added attraction of a humorous edge. If you don't get the punchline, at least you can enjoy the telling of the tale until it's meaning becomes clear.

Matt.

Rockabilly...

News, Blues, & Reviews

Howdy cats n' kittens, love it or hate it, it's time for this month's Rockabilly News, and boy, is this one a doozy! I just got back from my old stomping grounds in San Francisco, and my jukebox is stocked full.

Before I get into some of my new reviews, I'd like to digress a little bit away from my usually straight rockabilly talk, and talk a little bit about the general scene here in Salt Lake. Last night I was at The Pompadour to see NOFX (yes, I like other music besides rockabilly) and I was talking to the owners of this club, who told me that running The Pompadour is getting harder and harder due to lack of funds, which means lack of bodies filling the club. Say what? Where I come from, you'll never hear the words "All Ages," and "Rock & Roll Club," in the same sentence. As that wonderful band CINDERELLA so eloquently put it "Don't Know What You Got 'till It's Gone." Well, that's what Salt Lake kids'll be mourning if this club closes. No matter what music you're into, be it punk, metal, ska, grunge, or just good old rock n' roll, go out and support the local clubs, or we'll all be hatin' it.

Back to rockabilly. Much to my disappointment, I haven't had a chance to go and see the DEAD CATS recently, but word from the grapevine tells me that the DEAD CATS are really startin' to tear it up. If you haven't seen them yet, go and check them out.

I am about to undo a grave wrong that I've committed as I delve into what's new in my juke box. I haven't yet reviewed any music by the GREAT BIG SANDY AND THE FLY-RITE TRIO. What have I been thinking? This is one of the hottest rockabilly bands on the scene today. These four boys from Southern California sound like they just stepped out of Sun Studios in 1954. They have a new single out on Dionysis Records, and this platter rocks! The songs, "Don't Desert Me," b/w "I'm Gonna Leave" are two of BIG SANDY's finest offerings to date. T.K. Smith's guitar



playing reminds me a lot of Cliff Gallup's early playing with Gene Vincent, and BIG SANDY's vocals are as smooth as silk! You can also look for their great self-titled debut album also on Dionysis Records.

Next up is a great brand new album from the legendary CHARLIE FEATHERS. This is the same CHARLIE FEATHERS who penned a young Elvis Presley's first hit on Sun Records, "Forget To Remember To Forget." Feathers also wrote and sang such legendary rockabilly numbers as, "One Hand Loose," and "Bottle To The Baby," the new, self-titled, Charlie Feathers' incredible rockabilly legacy. Playing on this album are such legendary Sun sidemen as ROLAND JONES, STAN KESSLER, and J.M. VAN EATON. Every song on this incredible record is a gem, and CHARLIE FEATHERS continues to prove that he's a rock'n' roll national treasure. My favorite cuts are, "A Man In Love," "Fraulein," "Cootzie Coo," and a remake of the classic "You're Right, I'm Left, She's Gone." Let me tell you Daddy-O, this album is a rocker, and a classic! Check it out!

Well, too hip, gotta go. 'Til next month, keep your rocket in your pocket cause I'm gonna slide on outta here Daddy-O! Don't miss THE PALLADINS on November 7th at The Bar & Grill.

P.K.

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10 COMEDY Acoustic Music	12 THE CHANGE w/ MILE HIGH	13 THE CHANGE	14 DEAD CATS	15 MY SISTER JANE	16 MY SISTER JANE
17 COMEDY Acoustic Music	19 THE TOASTERS	20 DEAD CATS	21 the franks	22 MY SISTER JANE	23 BUZZCOCKS the VANDALS
24 COMEDY Acoustic Music	26 SPEAK NO ILL	27 GAMMA RAYS	28 CLOSED for Thanksgiving	29 John Bayley Our Man Page	30 John Bayley Our Man Page

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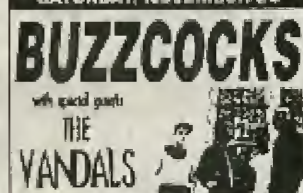
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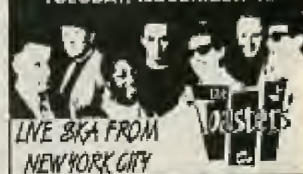
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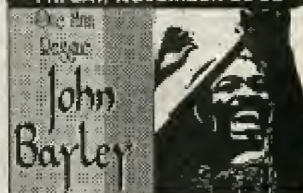
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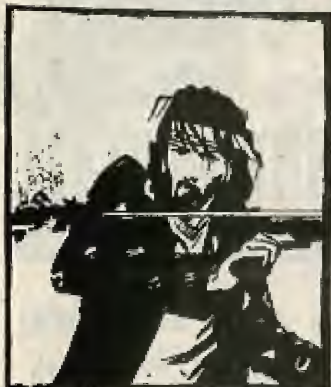


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Comics



SHADE, THE CHANGING MAN

In this title, comics veteran Peter Milligan has taken a lousy character with lame premise (both created by comics legend Steve Ditko) and breathed astonishing new life into the character and concept.

In SHADE, an outcast from the world of Meta has unwittingly created a being dubbed the "American Scream," the "Scream" being the embodiment of all that is "bad" in America (racism, greed, sloth, etc.) Shade, an agent from Meta, is dispatched to Earth via "the Madness Zone" to deal summarily with the "Scream." Armed only with the Madness Vest, which allows him to manifest creations from his mind, Shade inhabits the body of Troy Grenzer, a vicious killer on death row.

In seeking to defeat the "American Scream," Shade has befriended a young woman whose name is Kathy. Coincidentally, her parents and lover were murdered by Grenzer. Together, Shade and Kathy have traversed most of the U.S. in pursuit of an end to "the madness."

Writer Milligan, from Ireland, wields a sharp wit and incisive intellect in this series. The persona of America is laid bare and dissected. Surprisingly, Milligan is able to view America from a detached distance, and in doing so, characterizes this country with startling clarity—the subject matter alone should have even the most staunch patriot thinking about American values.

In addition, though, Milligan has also injected healthy characterizations into both Shade and Kathy and the latter's struggle against alcoholism is realistic (a welcome difference to most lame stories on the subject). The merits

to this approach make the reader feel the power of the tale that much more poignantly.

But penciller Chris Bachalo also deserves note for conveying Milligan's powerful imagery on the printed page. In his 17 issues, Bachalo has made great strides as an illustrator. Unfortunately, inker Mark Pennington has a tendency to overwhelm Bachalo's delicate renderings. Current guest-inker Rick Bryant is much more complementary, as recent issues will attest.

Even better than the interiors are the covers by Brendan McCarthy and TANK GIRL artist Jamie Hewlett, however. They are at once startling and evocative and serve to draw the eyes of casual browsers to this comic.

Preposterous it may sound, but those looking for something substantial from DC Comics should give SHADE a chance. (color—\$1.75)

—Scott Vice

John Constantine HELLBLAZER

Like Mulligan, Irish writer Garth Ennis has taken a two-dimensional character and breathed new life into him.

In this case, the character is John Constantine, the "bad boy" of DC's horror titles. But throughout all his appearances, Constantine had been a mystery while writers had emphasized the "asshole" side of his personality.

In recent issues, though, Constantine has come to the brink of Hell. Seems his habit of smoking "three packs a day" has left him with a case of terminal lung cancer. Worse, however, Constantine's past actions haven't exactly left him in Hell's "good graces" and an unpleasant reward faces him in the afterlife. So...Constantine, with typical aplomb, sets out to put his affairs in order and tries to outwit death. Does he succeed? That would be telling...

The current issue, #48, sees Constantine settled after recent events, visiting a pub with a woman named Kit who really knows him. While the reader watches her drink him under the table, that bit of story takes a back seat to the tale of the Northampton Arms and its manager, Laura.

Longtime readers of the character may be a bit put-off by Ennis' new "kinder and gentler" Constantine. Sure, he's still a jerk and a user, but his ac-



tions and attitude appear to be a product of his environment and circumstances rather than boorishness.

Likewise, Ennis has toned down the overt nature of horror in the stories. While fantastic elements are still around, they remain largely unseen. Thus, they become that much more powerful, if not tantalizing. For Ennis, there is horror to be found in mundane aspects of life, like cancer and growing old alone, too. Even better still, Ennis displays great skill at dialogue and characterization.

The artistic partner in this revitalization, penciller Will Simpson, is passable if unspectacular. The art does manage to convey the simplicity and humanity of normal existence, but falls short in depicting those rare scenes of phantasmagoric horror. In addition, the inking of Mark Pennington and Stan Woch overrenders entire scenes, leaving the art looking largely sloppy.

Fortunately, the story more than makes up for this deficiency. Those who think they know Constantine are in for a surprise as well as those who are discovering this title just now. (color—\$1.75)

—Scott Vice

DOOM PATROL

This super-hero title has probably gotten more attention than any of DC's other "New Format" comics, largely due to its outrageous Scottish writer, Grant Morrison.

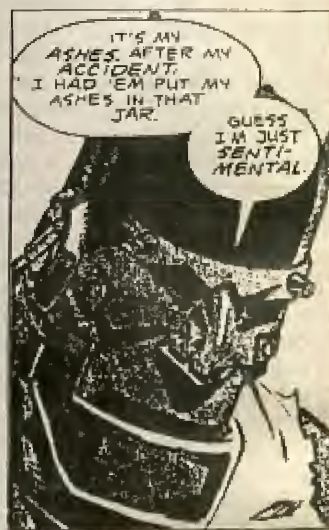
In taking the doom Patrol back to its roots (as a weird experience), Morrison has updated this "weirdness" for the 90's, as well as expanding on it.

Perennial Doom Patrol member Cliff Steele is still around, but his experiences have left him neurotic. Likewise, team founder the Chief has mysteriously reappeared after his supposed demise and his actions are more than

slightly suspect.

Around these two, new recruits have appeared in the forms of Crazy Jane (a sufferer of multiple personality syndrome, each personality having a distinct "super power"), Dorothy Spinner (A literally ape-faced young girl with the ability to create fantastic creatures from her psyche), and Rebus (the latest incarnation of former DP member Negative Man/Negative Woman).

In 30 issues, Morrison has confronted the Doom Patrol with foes like the Cult of the Unwritten Book, the Scissormen, the men From N.O.W.H.E.R.E., and (favorites) the brotherhood of Dada, fronted by Mr. Nobody. Frankly, the strangeness in all this can be (occasionally) overwhelming, but the contrast to "ordinary" super-heroic is quirky and fascinating. The book is at once grotesque and humorous, with jaded observer Cliff Steele commenting on all the absurdity with occasional expletives.



Unfortunately, the art in DOOM PATROL is unusually weak. Penciller Richard Case's two-dimensional, stiff figures do little to give any feeling to the book. Facial expressions, in particular, are lacking. Worse, though, Case cannot even adequately render the insane events which occur, leaving the writing to carry Bisley's gorgeous paintings. If DC could match the interior work with Bisley's covers, the title would be stunning.

Nevertheless, the nonsensical nature of the book, coupled with writer Morrison's sly wit, make DOOM PATROL an engrossing read. (color—\$1.50)

—Scott Vice

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Politics...

Why Ask "Why?"—Just Say "No."

"Why ask 'Why?'" ponders the idiot box in Budweiser's highly successful advertising campaign. After asking some of the deep, philosophical questions of our time, we can assume from their pronouncements that to question too much is folly, and that we should all just "Try Bud Dry", instead.

In the War on Drugs battlecry, "Just Say 'No.'", the same message is exemplified: Conform to our system without questioning it. Such similarity between big business and government.

So, whether you buy a six pack or pay income tax, you are supporting the monolithic institutions that dictate which substances we should consume and which ones we should not consume.

No official reasons for the classification and criminalization of "illicit" substances that correspond with reason or logic, have ever been made public. Motivation for drug laws is

and has been based on the self-serving necessity of those, 1. who have economic interests, diametrically opposed to legalization of drugs; 2. who use "the drug panic" as an excuse for a totalitarian method of dealing with dissenters, as well as a replacement for the Cold War; 3. who have accepted the fear and reactionary conservatism of "the drug panic", which was created by the government and controlling interests, in the first place.

The belief that illicit drugs are any more "dangerous" and "potentially harmful" than the decriminalized ones e.g. nicotine, alcohol, valium (or automobiles, for that matter) is mere fallacy, as the record will plainly show.

Take marijuana, for instance, among the most widely used of controlled substances; and most widely repressed—85% of the current drug budget is devoted to apprehending and convicting the "stoner". How-

ever, not only is pot useful in providing a stable, euphoric experience, but hemp fiber and hemp biomass, derivatives of marijuana, have been shown (by the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, no less) to possess great potential in reducing environmental damage without sacrificing efficiency or convenience in application—that is, once we, as a species, decide to stop destroying the planet and it's (our) atmosphere and implement the use of hemp.

Robert Anton Wilson and Dr. Timothy Leary are among those who espouse the use of marijuana and hallucinogens as mind tools for experiencing altered/heightened states of consciousness and for changing our conditioning and biological imprints. L.S.D. is researched legally in parts of Europe with promising results, though here, in the repressed U.S., psychedelics research has been strictly banned, even though (perhaps because) high potential has been found for clinical application of acid. (See High Times, Nov. 1991, Interview With Robert Anton Wilson, for more information.) Marijuana and psychedelics foster expanded consciousness—experiencing reality from different perspectives. Our current Establishment promotes, breeds and thrives on single vision—their dogmatic version of what we should perceive. After all, they know what's best...

Absurd as drug criminalization may seem, to the pragmatic, it is not what you'd call unprecedented, considering the level of sexual repression in our society. Laws affecting sex, obscenity and abortion stem from the lack of separation between Church and State. The executive and judiciary branches of our federal government are slowly imposing Judeo-Christian dogma-as-law with the "fertilized eggs are persons" and "sodomy is evil" theologies/political platforms. Women, already subjugated in our white male dominated culture, are on the verge of becoming criminals for controlling their own reproductive functions and are receiving a clear message from the anti-abortionists: Your body belongs to the state. Even more than this, though, is the larger implication that the termination of a pregnancy (even one that threatens a woman's health, or was forced) is murder and that the Occidental religious view of abortion is the correct one.

As long as we allow sex to be regimented, restricted and repressed, we will continue to be the Western industrial nation with the highest rate of sexual crime, by far.

As long as we allow the War on

Drugs to continue (and escalate) will continue to have the largest amount of incarcerated citizen capita (due largely to drug re crime) in the world. (Incidentally, countries in the world still ex juveniles: Bangladesh, Iran, Iraq the good ole' U.S. of A.)

The most important thing to in mind about the criminalization of certain drugs that are deemed nau (and the subsequent War on D and sexual oppression/repression that a small part of our society de policy for us, regardless of what want policy to be, or even if the p is actually detrimental to our "stitutional rights".

An informed electorate do get to vote on the issues that i them nationally. Who voted for stitutional amendments? Who v for the Gulf War? (or any war?) C nuclear power? Or the C.I.A.? O Drug War?

All we are eligible to vote f against are people who are "boi to uphold the Constitution, not to the people (contrary to popular m And when we cast our ballot candidate, we are actually voting fictional, media created character to the medium of "popular" elect

And the Supreme court, wh in the omniscient position of i preting the Constitution are appoi for (conditional) life terms by wi ever administration is in power time of vacancy on the Big Be What that means is that if you voted other-than-Republican in previous election, than she or he expect newly-appointed Just Clarence Thomas to be and act Republican, ultra-conservative.

Partisan influence should nfect Supreme court decisions any; than religious values do. This, l ever, is naive idealism, and doe appear to be the basis of Constitut interpretation.

What can be done to change seemingly static situation?

Rebellion? Too disorganize Revolution? Too bloody.

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Adam Weislu

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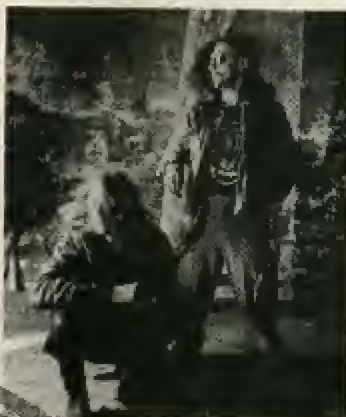
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And Much More

NOTES FROM THE INDUSTRIAL UNDERGROUND

You've got FOETUS on your breath! Or you can. J. G. "FOETUS" THIRLWELL will be gracing Utah with his very presence as FOETUS INC. takes over the Pompadour on December 6th. The infamous THIRLWELL is responsible for FOETUS, WISEBLOOD and a number of other musical assaults on your senses. This will be a show to remember so get in line now, damn it! Read this and weep, Industrial peans. I'm listening at this very moment to my own personal copy of MINISTRY's new single from the forthcoming *Tapes of Wrath* release called *Jesus Built My Hot Rod*. Death-disco God AL

JOURGENSEN and Co. once again deliver both barrels of their Industrial rifle in your face and pull the trigger again and again until you don't have a face. But all you need are your ears and a healthy body to thrash about while this song is playing. From now on I'm gonna ding-a-ding dang my dang-a-long long until I drop. The single will be available to you at the end of this month and the album will be out in January...Also out from the Chicago crew is a new live PIGFACE album, *Welcome to Mexico, Asshole*. It features all your favorites in the "Industrial" hierarchy: Trent Reznor, Bill Rieflin, En Esch, Ogre, Chris Connelly and Paul Barker, plus some surprise guests such as Black Francis, Becky from LUNACHICKS and SILVERFISH. A star-studded cast...DOUBTING THOMAS has finally released their full album on WAXTRAX! It has thirteen songs including the LP version of *Father Don't Cry*. Again, no vocals, strictly sampling over electronic sounds and noise samples. A must for SKINNY PUPPY fans. Elektra continues to pump out the Mute reissues and has added two more titles to the collection. The first is a 1981 solo album, *The Space Between*, from CHRIS CARTER, formerly of THROBBING GRISTLE and now doing CHRIS & COSEY full time. The second is a fantastic compilation, *The Tyranny of the Beat: Original Soundtracks*, which features SPK, CABARET VOLTAIRE,



Ministry

THE HAFLER TRIO, NON (aka BOYD RICE), EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN, etc. This is a very diverse and all-encompassing look at the Mute label and the pioneering they've done in the musical world. In a limited edition box, there is also a video which features ten clips from these bands. A real lesson in Industrial Culture. THIRD MIND is now releasing records domestically through ROADRUNNER records. Now available are the new EDWARD KASPEL and DELIRIUM. Hopefully, we'll see some back catalogue coming through too. BORIS MIKULIK has a new one out through CAROLINE. It's as nasty and noisy as the first, but with a middle eastern theme running throughout. The scariest record award has to go to SKIN CHAMBER for their *Wound* album. Don't listen to this one alone. These members of CONTROLLED BLEEDING dish out aural terror by the bucketful, pouring it over your head. You'll also want to check out these new releases for November: SEVERED HEADS *Cuisine*, THE CRAMPS *Look Mom No Head!*, SWAMP TERRORISTS *Nightmare*, MC 900 FT JESUS *Welcome To My Dream*, and WIR, yes WIR, the first letter. Pass on the new NITZER EBB and DIE WARZAU. Yuck!!!

— D.J. Evil

Pompadour Industrial Night Top Twenty

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. THRILL KILL KULT
'Coz It's Hot | 11. EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN
ZNS |
| 2. REVOLTING COCK'S
Beers, Steers and Queers | 12. MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO
Now |
| 3. SKINNY PUPPY
Spasmolytic Remix | 13. CYBERAKTIF
Nothing Stays |
| 4. DOUBTING THOMAS
Father Don't Cry | 14. KLINIK
Black Leather |
| 5. KMFDM
Crazy Horses | 15. SKINNY PUPPY
Morpheus Laughing |
| 6. NINE INCH NAILS
Get Down, Make Love | 16. 1,000 HOMO DJ'S
Supernaut |
| 7. CYBERAKTIF
Acid Cripple | 17. CHRISTIAN DEATH
Malus Amor |
| 8. THRILL KILL KULT
Sex On Wheels | 18. COIL
Windowpane |
| 9. KMFDM
Godlike | 19. ALIEN SEX FIEND
Now I'm Feeling Zombified |
| 10. COIL
The Snow | 20. MINISTRY
So What |

FRACAL METHOD
STRANGE ATTRACTOR

FRACAL METHOD
CHAOS

5 SONG LIMITED EDITION CASSETTE AVAILABLE SOMETIMES

see
FRACAL METHOD
LIVE
DECEMBER 14
The pompadour

11 SONG CASSETTE ALBUM AVAILABLE NOW

The extraordinary magnitude of the planetary alignments has bid me a soft pat on the nose as I reach for higher goals toward the perpetual barrier to fully understand the actions of my bladder. However, though I may chuckle in utter delight, I must not forget the simplicity of Fig Newton cookies and the opulent joy they can produce in one's inner-self. To understand further areas of surprise you must perceive the consumption of Root Beer at high altitude; or read "I sing the Song of Body Electric," by Walt Whitman without taking a breath in between sentences. Did I once chew on highlighter pens or was it my sister? benevolent readers, you may think any number will due, but when in choice pick the number seven. You will recognize it as the epitome of all numbers.

The Horoscope

from your congenial psychic *Nevis Invictus*

LEO: (July 23-Aug 22)

The fully evolved Leo may be considering a prefrontal lobotomy. However, this is only due to a polyethylene glycol deficiency. Place fig leaves over private parts and take to collecting acorns. When in question look to the Arabian proverb, "Trust in Allah, but tie your camel." How many marshmallows can you shove in your mouth? Go forth, your future is ahead, but who's head it is you may never know.

VIRGO: (Aug 23-Sept 22)

Your phase for this month may consist an abundance of breath problems. When wandering around town with a dozen balloons you may find yourself in a Freudian cross of "Friday The 13th" with E.T. but only this time directing Steven Spielberg in spell binding chase to mutilate Jason just one more time. Thus representing a nihilistic limbo under that may seem groovy but not entirely safe to eat. However, because your luck has not depleted you still have reason to wear nylons twice as high this month.

LIBRA: (Sept 23-Oct 22)

Our month of triumph has arrived! And that special someone who knows about your habit of wearing underwear backwards won't tell strangers who monitor lingerie sales in hopes of a purchase. Did you ever think the want to fly would leave? Or were you reserving the right to higher thinking? Due to the inflation of movie tickets your thinking all is lost. It's not lost, just inflation. Elmer Fudd feels the way you feel sometimes.

SCORPIO: (Oct 23-Nov 21)

The inter-planetary static you might feel this month might have an effect on your ability to open cottage cheese containers but don't let this antagonize you from sporting your A-team lunch box which just might be your source of popularity. Break your social barrier: talk to animals, trees, and such inspirational surroundings of nature.

SAGITTARIUS: (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)

Do you have a problem with cucumbers shaped objects? This might be your chance to unravel a mystery leading to discover love, romance, or an underground treasure map leading to the remains of your old dog. Though it may seem that chrysanthemums have been becoming more abundant in your life it's not to late for the pesticide person in you to break through and control the spread of certain flowers. The number 7 will help you.

CAPRICORN: (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)

Will cereal commercials cease to be a psychological trap? Leaving your body unattended while out on a mind swap is not wise, it might expose you to forms of bacteria that palpate your eyelashes. Can you stand alone in your bath tub with out feeling depressed? If not, then you're ready to bowl with combat boots which will prove to be worthy of your time but not gentle to the floor. Slip into something yellow.

AQUARIUS: (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)

Aquarius is considered the lone wanderer of the Zodiac which places a challenge to break the barrier between you and a bowl of Jello. Did a certain someone send you something green in the mail? You must realize the concoction was an attempt to make you dinner. If you truly love that someone, give him/her a call and tell them that you'd love to be found absorbing vintage liquids in or on top of a blue van. A word from the wise would be to eat green things.

PISCES: (Feb. 19-March 20)

Last month was the worst for this year but don't feel that your troubles are over. You've just moved, mentally or physically, but you will be placed in a horrid spot that can't be removed by Bellow pads. Cleaning your ears is healthy and wise but don't stick the swab to far down. Know your limits and take pleasure into hitting crickets on the road. This month you will find your secret want for corduroy, socks with pink paisleys.

ARIES: (March 21-April 19)

Dreams will seem to be the reality of this month's course which will set you on a crash course with the planets hoping to find little men that understand your want for bathtub toys. But, don't fear because a happy man named Mr. Scissors will be eating shoes. (Though you may not understand now, the meaning will reveal itself.) If you need help rely on the #7 and place green things on your forehead.

TAURUS: (April 20-May 20)

Keep clean this month but not at the expense of using other friends undergarments. Let your cat help you eat the leftovers, even the loaf of bread you so rudely hoard. Are showers doing the job? If not, running naked through the neat water fountain system in front of symphony hall might be a good alternative. Do you really know how much methane is being emitted into the atmosphere? Think about the letter "W" but not too hard.

GEMINI: (May 21-June 21)

Fast forward the things you don't like, break down the psychological barrier between you and the closet but don't let those unfriendly red beings push you around. Have you heard of the word "Eurpostria?" Well it's the effect on your eyes that makes you see



things red, so those red beings could in fact be blue or green. If hills seem taller somehow, climb them. Breakfasts are good for you.

CANCER: (June 22-July 22)

Changing a light bulb is a better way to prevent global warming than trying to reduce the amount of gas emitted by cows says Cornell University economists. But I feel the effects of cow flatulents on the atmosphere have been greatly exaggerated. Don't let small things get you down, only big things. Stop plucking your eyebrows and grow a nice long mono-brow. It will make you a hit with the girls/guys.

Dear old Horoscope Readers

I have foreseen the following occurrences within the Zodiac. It is my sincere wish that those idiots who keep sending fan mail will realize the impossibility of a psychic becoming famous, unless your Georges P. Orridge, of course. To those still wondering: I have seen MTV and I am still amazed as to why Vanilla thinks he's black. But until he does turn black I remain your benevolent psychic.

NEVIS INVICTUS

F-DUDE

AND JACK SHIT IN
THE LED BLIMP SAGA

-PART 4- 16, 16, 16



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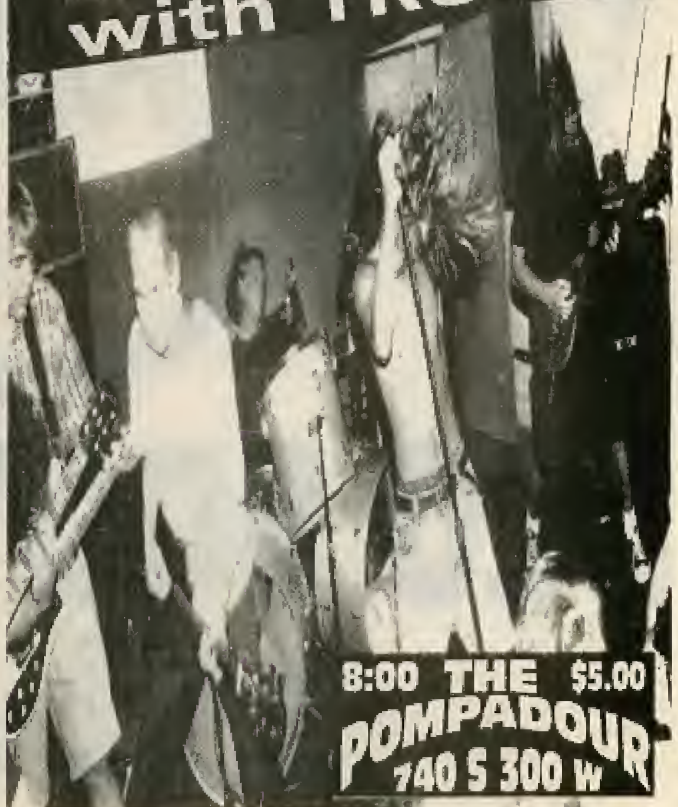


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